UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Ten weeks ten cents. UNITY will be sent ten weeks on trial to a new name for ten cents. Subscribers are invited to send lists of trial names. We offer liberal premiums for any number of trial subscriptions from one up; particulars sent on application.

Editorial.

WE have been requested and gladly heed the request to call the attention of the women of the city to the fact that the election commissioners of Chicago have decided to carry out the law authorizing women to vote for school officers, and will provide registry books for women at the election precincts. The voting booth at the *Herald* office, for instruction in the Australian system, will be devoted to women voters, Saturday, October 10th, all day.

AN orthodox exchange, the *Methodist Recorder*, talks, under the head "A Prevalent Error," of the doctrine of conversion, and indulges in a bit of home criticism. The principle of conversion is fundamental in the Christian religion, but many errors cluster around it. It is not, as so many seem to suppose, who have experienced its benefits, an end, but the beginning of spiritual growth: "The essential characteristics of the spiritual life manifest in conversion should continue, not only unabated, but with increasing power." The Methodists have laid greatest stress on this phase of the religious life, which under the emotional zeal springing from their peculiar methods, has become the most prominent feature in their work; but, says the writer referred to, this prominence has in many cases proved a barrier to spiritual growth. Conversion but marks the soul's birth into a new realm of idealized feeling and resolve. It is not in itself, growth, and must be followed by the continual exercise and cultivation of those qualities of heart and soul it has set in motion. This is a theory of conversion that is in accord with the progress of the age, as acceptable to the rationalist as to the evangelical Christian.

SAID George William Curtis in his admirable speech on assuming the chair at the Saratoga Conference, on alluding to the gathering, as a religious assembly, "The word Religion may, however, be ill chosen, for I have heard that the Unitarians are altogether given over to mere morality. But I have not been dismayed by that, for I know of no church and of no thing to be harmed by mere morality. I was bred a Unitarian and I have been always accustomed to great freedom of thought and speech."

SEATTLE is in the line of apostolic succession. William G. Eliot, Jr., is a name to conjure by in a new city where the liberal cause is beginning to gather itself into organic shape. A circular before us invites the attendance of those interested to a religious study class to be conducted by Mr. Joseph Shippen each Sunday from 12:15 to 1 P. M. The class is to follow the lead of Brooke Herford's "Story of Religion in England," chapter by chapter, and carrying out the suggestions on conversational lines. This is the kind of work that is being profitably done in one way or another by most of our churches in the West. May it continue. It is hard to estimate which is the most profitable work, that pursued on study lines like this, or that ordinarily followed by the pulpit in the more conventional way of sermons. There is too often a rhetorical remoteness accompanying the latter.

SOME words of Professor Corson, of Cornell University, reprinted in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, contain a clear statement on a perplexing theme, "Modern Spiritualism;" which thoughtful minds wish to view without prejudice, and establish, if possible its real claims to faith and as a working hypothesis in practical life: "Modern Spiritualism," says this writer, "has brought out with the most emphatic distinctness, the all-important truth in regard to our common nature, which is too little recognized and acted upon in the prevailing systems of education and in our private individual culture, namely, that it has a positive and a negative, or, an active and a passive side. Through the one, the soul holds on to itself, so to speak, —maintains its personality,—tests and gives definiteness and practicableness to its knowledge; through the other, it is fed with impressions from the outer world of nature." This side of our nature, which lies next the world of the unseen, admits of an unlimited culture, along with the positive side, though the obstacles to this culture, in the present constitution of society, are many and great. Prof. Corson concludes, therefore, that the mind most perfectly balanced in this dual relation to the world of sense, and that other side half revealed in the various forms of psychic science, is the safest, the most useful and the most natural: "A merely positive nature, were such possible, could never have glimpses even of the higher truths that lie within the potentialities of the spirit of man; a merely negative nature, were such again possible, would sink into a death-in-life listlessness. The highest form of life is that wherein a just equilibrium is preserved between the positive and the negative, or the active and the passive. All the great seers of the race, have realized to a greater or less extent, a well-balanced dual condition; to an all-subtilizing intellect, they have united an all-comprehensive impressibility."

THE *Civil Service Chronicle* is a small monthly sheet published in Indianapolis and devoted to the interests of the political reform described in the title. It speaks rebukingly of those who, in general sympathy with the movement to establish an improved civil service, expect to do so by old-time methods. This reform, it declares, will never be an "issue," nor seek to promote itself through the machinations of a recognized "boss," a party leader. There is nowhere found a greater amount of material for an issue, however, than in the modern spoils, especially as illustrated in the notorious Tammany. The *Chronicle* speaks with undisguised severity on this topic, saying that if the facts were to appear, the record "would form the most astounding and incomprehensible manifestation of this century;" and adding that so far as present signs show, "Tammany may last forever."

WE are glad to present to our readers in this number, the admirable address made by Mr. Shorey, President of the Western Unitarian Conference at the recent meeting at Saratoga. Judging by the reception given to the speaker, and the applause to the address, no man was more welcome on the platform of that conference, and we think no one spoke words of more deliberate wisdom. The Unitarianism that is to occupy the American field which is now largely unoccupied, will be a "de-Bostonized" Unitarianism, a national one indeed, that will encourage and recognize these natural centers of influence and the inevitable points of distribution fixed by geography, and the exigencies of commerce and civilization. The work on the Pacific coast, in the Rocky Mountain regions, the Mississippi Valley, the Southern, the Middle and the New England States, will naturally radiate from as many centers, each devising its own instruments and assuming its own executive responsibility. The national cord will be a real one, one of strong sympathies, and of common interest in the literature that is applicable all around and the sharing of work in which all are alike interested, the strong always helping the weak; but it will not be a bond of executive superintendence, maintained by spasmodic or periodic "tours of inspection." That such centers are gradually forming, and that the National Conference will be the glad and joyous mother of these various centers, we have not the slightest doubt. All this is prophesied in Mr. Shorey's paper, and the prophecy was seconded by the hearty appreciation with which it was received.

IN the *Independent*, Thomas Wentworth Higginson relates some "Early Recollections of Lowell," who was a classmate, when very young, of his older brother: "My first impression of James Russell Lowell was as a curly-headed boy of fourteen, riding on a donkey to the school of William Wells, then kept in a large colonial house in Cambridge, nearly opposite Lowell's own home of Elmwood, but far enough from its front entrance to justify to a boy that unusual mode of conveyance." "The school," says Mr. Higginson, "though far removed from the Dotheboy's description, was emphatically of the 'early English style,' with plenty of 'birch' administration. William Story was among the yet to be distinguished pupils, and Mt. Auburn, then known as 'Sweet Auburn' one of the pupils' favorite places of recreation. It was after the period of early boyhood had passed but when they were still young that this particular classmate came running home from school one day, much excited with the information he had to convey to the rest of the family, that 'Jimmy Lowell thinks he is going to be a poet.' And such was the coming poet's distinct intention even then, who began at that time a study of the laws of English verse, with an especial liking for Sidney's 'Defense of Poesie,' and Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesie.'" Soon after, we are told, the acquaintance with Maria White began which helped fit him for his high career in a less technical sense. It was of this marriage the fortunate bride afterwards wrote to a friend: "It is easy enough to be married—the newspaper columns show us that every day; but to live and be happy as simple King and Queen, without the gifts of fortune, this is, I confess, a triumph which suits my nature better."

The Constitution of the National Conference.

In our notice of the Saratoga Conference last week, we alluded to the heroic way in which Rev. Mr. Payne, of Leominster, Massachusetts, ventured to break the apparent harmony by introducing in printed form a motion to revise the preamble and the related articles of the constitution. We say it was heroic, because it was touching a subject which has long been a sensitive one among the Unitarians of America. It goes without saying, that the preamble and contitution as they now stand, are a patchwork; that they contain phraseology that is either obsolete or obsolescent. Their adoption at the time, twenty or more years ago, was at the cost of some valuable elements in the Unitarian denomination. We print below the proposed amended preamble and Article I. and Article II. of the Constitution. That the revision when it comes, will take just this form is doubtful. Indeed, Mr. Payne himself has no desire or expectation to contend for the phraseology herein given, but if the sentiments which were so freely expressed in the corridors of the hotel and in the consultation rooms were made public before the body at large, and it is a pity they were not, probably the conference would have gone home liberated from this long embarrassment. It was al-

most the universal testimony that were the constitution to be written now, no one would desire to throw it into its present form. It is the open claim of the Unitarian denomination that it is able to bring itself up to date, that it does not tie itself to forms and phrases that become fossils and curios in its theological cabinet. We have no doubt but what the council will commit this whole matter to a committee entirely competent to handle it, and that in due time it will be able to make such a report as will, at the next meeting, probably command almost universal assent. We do not wish to anticipate now or complicate the duties of such a committee by opening discussion prematurely, but the spirit at Saratoga was another illustration of the truthfulness of the remark of an astute student of the Unitarian movement, who said that the "Unitarians have shown great capacity to swallow their own heretics and in due time to digest them." The following are Mr. Payne's articles, which our readers will be glad to read:

PREAMBLE:—*Whereas*, the present time presents enlarged opportunities, and makes new and increased demands for concerted action, and for intelligent and sympathetic co-operation in the religious interests of humanity, in that spirit which would reverently conserve all that is true and wholesome in our inheritances from the past and in existing religious systems and institutions, and would also welcome and promote all progress in knowledge, in civil equity, in social weal, in devotion to moral principle, and in spiritual vision and realization: Therefore—

ARTICLE I.—We hereby unite ourselves in a common body, to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian Churches and Allied Organizations; to the end that we may the more wisely devise and apply methods and means to aid the progress of men toward their ideals, and thus to establish the Kingdom of God in the earth.

ARTICLE II.—All churches, and also all other religious societies, academic institutions, and humane organizations, that can adopt this Constitution as a basis of co-operation, are invited to active and equal fellowship and representation in the Conference.

That our readers may understand the amendment suggested, we print the Articles as they now stand:

PREAMBLE:—*Whereas*, the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son,—

ARTICLE I. — Therefore, the Christian churches of the Unitarian faith, here assembled, unite themselves in a common body, to be known as the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, to the end of energizing and stimulating the denomination with which they are connected, to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work.

ARTICLE IX (added 1870).—Re-affirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ.

ARTICLE X. (added 1882). While we believe that the Preamble and Articles of our Constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims.

Some Published Letters.

Colonel Higginson makes a unique contribution to the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in the publication of the letters of Emily Dickinson, the recluse-poet, recently discovered to the world in her own death; the heir to a posthumous fame as pathetic and inspiring as it is individual.

From her life of shy, almost unnatural retirement at Amherst, she ventured far enough out one April day in 1862, to write a letter to Mr. Higginson, soliciting his judgment of some scraps of verse. She asks him to tell her if her "verse is alive;" her own mind is "so near itself it can not see distinctly." We may imagine this was to the one receiving it one of many letters of a similar tenor from aspiring makers of rhyme, but it is hardly possible they should have been of the peculiar quality of these. We do not wish to fill our space in comment on them, but rather let them speak for themselves so far as we may. There is the same elusive quality in them that appears in Miss Dickinson's poems. They resemble nothing so much as the startled movements of a bird, that suspecting he is in the vicinity of crumbs, hops confidingly towards his human observer, then rises suddenly on wings, or flies away, keeping coy distance, with head bent reflectively to one side, and bright, motionless eyes.

Her chosen Mentor evidently returned a kindly but not wholly favorable reply to the request received, for in her next letter she thanks him "for the surgery." Note this new way, and best way, of computing age not by years, but by progress attained in the heart's chosen direction. She had been asked, it seems, how old she was and this was her reply: "I made no verse, but one or two, until this winter, sir." To the inquiry about the books she reads, she answers with the names of Keats, the Brownings, in poetry; Ruskin, Thomas Browne and Revelations, in prose. She has had little education, she tells him, in the accepted sense; once when little she had a friend who taught her Immortality; "but, venturing too near, himself, never returned."

Her friends, she tells him are, "hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog large as myself." They are to her "better than beings because they know, but do not tell." She describes her mother with simple candor as one who "does not care for thought;" her father as "too busy with his briefs to notice what we do." The next letter she received praised her more distinctly and made her keenly happy, but she is incredulous and amused at his advice to delay publishing; "that being as foreign to my thought as firmament from fin." Later he asks for her picture, but she hopes he can believe her without. She is as small, she tells him, as the wren, with bold hair, like the chestnut bur,—"my eyes like the sherry in the glass the guest leaves." She wishes this new, unknown friend might visit her; she thinks Carl (the dog) would please him, and that he would like the chestnut tree she met in her walk; which "hit my notice suddenly, and I thought the skies were in blossom." She adds: "Then there's a noiseless noise in the orchard that I let persons hear."

When her friend, the scholar, leaves his books for the camp and became a soldier, she is proud but very anxious. He seems far removed now, war is "an oblique place." She prays for his safety: "Could you, with honor, avoid death, I entreat you, sir."

It was not until 1870 that he saw her. "She had a quaint and nun-like look, as if she might be a German canoness of some religious order, whose prescribed garb was white pique with a blue, worsted shawl." Her talk is made up of the same mixture of poetry, highest wisdom and extravaganza her letters are. She drops such sayings as these into the conversation describing her daily life: "Is it oblivion or absorption when things pass from our minds?" "Truth is such a rare thing, it is delightful to tell it."

The impression made on the visitor extends to the reader of this curious recital, of "an excess of tension, and of an advanced life." Her more intimate friends spoke of her more "human and humorous side," but Mr. Higginson was conscious, he tells us, he saw her only on the "*exalteé*" side.

Four years later when her father died, she wrote the news of her loss to him with the words: "I am glad there is immortality, but would have tested it myself, before entrusting him." It was sixteen years before she tasted it herself.

We see in the picture here disclosed, a woman,—sprite, or "gnome," as she signed herself in one of her letters, would be the better term of description—of "rare qualities," as her discoverer says, undoubtedly of the genius type, but showing as much of the eccentricity of genius, as its higher qualities. There are sentences in her written and spoken thoughts, that are sweetly profound, mystical and true as the sayings of any sage or seer, others that strike us as sheer, even silly, affectation. The problem of human nature becomes at once more enticing and more discouraging in the study of such a character. Lest the foregoing selections may seem to define a gift of expression more quaint than vigorous, more striking and peculiar than genuinely useful, let the following stanza be placed here as a correction to such "possible" impression:

"A death-blow is a life-blow to some,
Who, 'till they died, did not alive become;
Who, had they lived, had died, but when
They died, vitality begun."

C. P. W.

The Liberal Rowdy.

The liberal rowdy is an inevitable product of an age of rapid religious progress, like the present, with its decaying creeds, the transitional beliefs which replace them, and the loosening or sundering of the moral tie that so often accompanies such mental changes. Irreverence is not a necessary outcome of free thought, but it is so frequently seen with it as to give rise to a distinct form of liberal faith, that which is "liberal" only because it has succeeded in freeing itself from certain old-time convictions and dogmas, not liberal to any degree, either in the mental breadth or moral sweetness which that term should always describe. The political rowdy is a familiar figure; the man who tips his hat to one side and interlards his talk on a reformed tariff or the rights of labor with plenty of slang and a few daring oaths, to demonstrate his independence and the worth of his new convictions. The liberal religious rowdy is also coming to be known. Like his *confrere* at the primaries or in the saloon, he is violent and boastful in speech, bold and presuming in his manners, totally unmindful of the proprieties of every situation in which he is placed, a torment and disgrace to his friends, an object of superstitious terror to his opponents. Ridicule and invective supply the place of argument, and he is never so happy as when shocking the sensibilities of those who differ from him. The great truths of spiritual existence are made the theme of a shallow or vulgar jest, the words of the Bible are turned and distorted from their true meaning to suit his "emancipated" notions of the same. He is as accomplished in the art of misrepresentation and *ex parte* interpolation here, as the most bigoted theologian, and to a much poorer end.

The liberal rowdy does the more harm, because popular intelligence has hardly yet begun to grasp the idea that he represents but a single and very superficial phase of rational thought, because the entire principle of free and rational inquiry in religion is cheapened and misrepresented by his false and braggart teaching. The evil is one, however, that promises soon to correct itself, thanks to the spread of honest investigation among all sects and classes. The harm the liberal rowdy does is, after all, no deeper than that which vulgar insolence and the vanity of a little knowledge does everywhere; it has more power to irritate, hinder and annoy than to injure in any vital or lasting way. The species, we have every reason to believe, will disappear with the general elimination of ignorance and coarseness from human intercourse and manners.

Meantime, it is worth remembering that a slight infusion of rowdyism may invade the speech and behavior of very excellent and refined people; and the application to the subject we are discussing is readily seen. The liberal who would preserve a reverent spirit with a liberated mind, must beware of the temptations which have made the rowdy what he is because he has yielded to them. The disposition to indulge an unbecoming jest, to ignore the feelings of those who differ from us, the impulse to self-boastfulness, to inflate the merits of our side of the question, and hold an aggressive and suspicious attitude towards that which is not ours, all these are characteristics which the liberal rowdy carries to excess, and which make him what he is. Flippancy, pride, even pride of intellect—often the boasted sin of liberalism, an arbitrary spirit,—all these seem the more sadly out of place in the work of our liberal faith, because they are evils it sprang into being to correct. The cause of radical religion has progressed thus slowly because of the obstacles imposed in the behavior of so many of its vain and unthinking professed disciples. It is a religion, both reverent and rational, the world waits to accept, one that spiritualizes the understanding as well as frees and instructs it, one that impels the heart to worship and adore, as well as the judgment to commend and reason to uphold. C. P. W.

Men and Things.

SINCE Garibaldi's death no one has been allowed to use his chair in the Italian Legislative Chamber in Rome. It is now hung with a laurel wreath.

IBSEN is now in Christiana, where he intends to spend the winter. This is his first prolonged visit to Norway since he left home thirty years ago.

AUSTIN DOBSON is reported to be contemplating a visit to the United States next autumn, when he will give a series of readings from his own work.

THE *Christian Leader* makes the prophecy in a recent number, that within a hundred years Hosea Ballou, the great Universalist leader will be ranked as more than the peer of Jonathan Edwards.

CHICAGO'S first Spanish newspaper, *El Eco*, has made its appearance. It is a sixteen-page sheet and will have much to do with the world's fair and the Spanish-American nations.

A STREET in Palermo is named after President Lincoln. This was done by order of the Marquis di Rudini, the new premier of Italy, who was mayor of Palermo at the time of Mr. Lincoln's assassination.

DOORS and windows are taxed in France. In a peasant's hut the tax amounts to about three francs per annum; on houses in cities it sometimes comes as high as seventeen francs for each family.

WE are told that Rev. Dr. A. J. Canfield, pastor of St. Paul's Univeralist Church, has been preparing a work on the liturgy and will soon begin to hold ritualistic services in his church similar to the Episcopalian service.

THE Princess of Monaco, who has at last prevailed upon her husband to close the gambling establishments in his principality so soon as the leases expire, is said to have concluded to convert the beautiful casino at Monte Carlo into a hospital for consumptives.

BISHOP POTTER in a recent address in behalf of New York city missions, said that the Protestant Episcopal church is preaching the gospel in that city in almost all the tongues of Europe, and in those of China, Armenia, Turkey and Persia.

GLASS blowing is an art nearly four thousand years old, and perhaps much older. Yet there has never been any means discovered of dispensing with the human lungs as the instruments of the blowing. An English company is experimenting with a mold and mechanical bellows, which does satisfactory work at bottle blowing and other coarse work.

Contributed and Selected.

Hymn.

WRITTEN FOR THE DEDICATION SERVICES OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, OAKLAND, CAL., SEPTEMBER 6, 1891. REV. CHARLES W. WENDTE, PASTOR.

(*Tune—"Hummel."*)

The forests gave their oak and pine,
The hills their stone and clay;
And fashioned by the builders' art,
Our temple stands to-day.

Behold in beauty and in strength,
Attained the vision fair;
This blessing from above bestowed
In answer to our prayer.

Except the Lord have built the house
We labored but in vain;
O, may his Spirit fill the place
And consecrate this fane!

To Christ-like service, lofty faith,
Undying hope of heaven;
To righteousness and truth and love,
Be this fair temple given.

Descend then, Spirit of the Lord!
Reveal thy holy ways;
Our glad and grateful hearts respond
With reverence, love and praise.

Address by D. L. Shorey,

DELIVERED AT THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, SEPTEMBER, 1891.

MR. PRESIDENT:—The address upon this occasion in relation to the work in the field covered by the Western Unitarian Conference, should have been made in accordance with precedent, by its Secretary, Mr. Effinger, who on account of ill-health was obliged to decline the invitation extended to him by the council. What would have been to him a duty and a pleasure falls upon me as a task, which in important respects I am unfitted to perform. I have not visited much of the vast field where our Western work is done. I have not had opportunities to make personal observations on the ground in many of our churches. My experience and observation have been for the most part at the center and not at the circumference. What I have to say, then, must be taken with many limitations. Happily, most of you know more in relation to the subject than you have given yourselves credit for. As John Stuart Mill, in a paper published not long before his death, said of political economy, the specialty of his life: Whoever knows well the political economy of a single great county in England, understands the whole subject. So may it be said: Whoever knows thoroughly one active, well-organized Unitarian society anywhere knows them all. The differences to be carefully noted are local, temporary and accidental. The reconciling unity is observable in the uniform breaking away from old creeds, in a common method of seeking the truth only by the light of intelligence and reason, and of strengthening the moral character upon which all human excellence depends. Nevertheless, some special conditions in the West must be noted by those who undertake to direct our work there. The members of a New England society are rooted in the soil. They do things that their ancestors for generations have done, and by that measure are considered conservative. For the most part the members of our congregations in the West are not rooted in the soil, least of all in an ecclesiastical soil. A few of their members probably come from some Unitarian church in the East. Many of them have no strong attachment to any church. As a farmer, once or twice removed from his native homestead thereafter seeks only a good soil and a good market and will form no strong attachment for any locality, so many of our church members having once broken away from evangelical connections or never having formed any, care little for church names, but care supremely, if they are in earnest, for the great things all churches stand for. Of course in all such cases the conservative habit of mind characteristic of an old church, where the lines of association have not been disturbed for generations is not to be found; and those who look for that habit of mind are not good leaders for a living church in the West.

One or two illustrations will make my meaning clearer: Two or three years ago I was asked to read before our Princeton Society a paper which I had prepared upon "Channing and the Unitarian Movement in the United States." That society is called the People's Association. Its minister then was an excellent man who after many a heart struggle had retired from the Methodist ministry. Most of the members of the society doubtless had never been members of any Unitarian society. Both minister and people cared supremely for things of the spirit; but neither minister nor people had any of those associations which make the Unitarian name so dear to most of us. Just before I went upon the platform the most influential leader of that society asked me to say as little as possible about the Unitarian movement. To meet the emergency the best I could, I prefaced the reading of my paper with the remark that it was prepared for a literary association of a Unitarian society; and that I was well aware that the Unitarian movement was only one of many liberal movements; and that time would show which of these would be wise enough to become the best.

One more illustration must suffice: Our Davenport society is a type of several societies in the West; and the possible type of many more that may be organized there. The dominant element in the city is German. Many of those Germans were free thinkers before they came to America, and perhaps still continue to be so. They brought with them from the Fatherland intense hostility to the church, as they had known it, and suspicion towards all who wear the priestly garb. Our three ministers who have been there, Seaver, Hunting and Judy have successively and increasingly gained the confidence and respect of those old Germans. Each of these ministers has served in the Board of Education for the public schools of the city. So far as I recollect no other minister has been permitted to enter into that public service. As a rule the older Germans do not attend the public services of the church, but they have learned to look to our ministers, and to our ministers only, for service at the marriage of their children and the burial of their dead. They send their children to the Unitarian Sunday-school and generously pay for the support of the minister. These children are growing up enthusiastic supporters of our church; and their characters are being molded under the influence of the men I have just named. Mr. Learned, of St. Louis, and other Unitarian ministers in the West could give a similar account of their work.

This conference was organized twenty-five years ago on a basis that fairly represented by delegates the Unitarian organizations of the country. By the terms of its constitution at the beginning it determined to rely upon "the existing organizations of the Unitarian body as the instruments of its power." At that time the American Unitarian Association covered, as well as a body situated in the extreme East could cover, by its administrative force the entire Unitarian movement. At that time too, almost the whole Unitarian force of the country lay in near proximity to Boston. In numbers, wealth and character it had immense preponderance; and that condition of things remains largely the same at the present time. It is largely due, however, to the generous and efficient work of the older organizations that the relative force of the Western churches has increased. Since then, new and important centers of influence have grown up in the West, notably in the Pacific states, of which San Francisco is the center, and of the mountain states of which Denver is the center. In an important sense it may truly be said that the greater New England now lies west of the Hudson River. Dear Mother New England, thy children will never be too strong or too far away to become ungrateful for thy nurture and love! Under these greatly changed conditions the question may now well be considered whether the time is not ripe for this conference to assume all the functions of a National Conference, some of the most important of which it first wisely declined. Even if this were the occasion to discuss the subject at length, I should leave the important question to be considered by those with greater experience than mine.

The Western Unitarian Conference has entered into its fortieth year of Unitarian service in the West. The organization of new conferences in the Pacific states and in the mountain states just referred to, has necessarily narrowed the field of its original operations. It is singularly fortunate, however, in the field that it still possesses, the value of which every other religious denomination in the country well understands. After much experience and with the general approval of our ministers and churches, Chicago has been selected as the permanent headquarters of the conference.

What changes time has brought about! Since the American Unitarian Association was organized Chicago has had its birth and its marvelous growth to the second place in American cities, having now greater numbers, wealth and influence than any one of seventeen states in the Union, and more than that of the aggregate of three of the New England states.

In a commercial country every great manifestation of power follows commercial lines. The people of that portion of the country of which I am now speaking, have a hundred commercial transactions with Chicago, where they have one with Boston. The newspaper press of Chicago is in possession of that whole field, to the substantial exclusion of every other metropolitan press. From that press the people receive all their information in relation to the current events of the world.

However it may appear to others, it is clear to us on the ground that Chicago is the proper center from which to direct Unitarian activity throughout the northern half of the Mississippi valley, as San Francisco and Denver are the proper centers of direction for the Pacific and the mountain states. Our leaders there are in touch with the people. They have thorough knowledge of the entire situation. From every part of that field our ministers go to Chicago for conference, for sympathy and for direction.

It is for reasons that in part I have just enumerated, that the Western Unitarian Conference enthusiastically continues to support its old organization. It desires to maintain cordial and sympathetic relations with all other Unitarian organizations, and most of all, with this National Conference, which as a strictly delegate body is the truest representative of the Unitarian movement in the United States. It desires harmony where discord is a waste of opportunity and an abandonment of duty.

Our conference has no purposes not in line with the general Unitarian movement. Nine years ago it was reorganized as a legal corporation. Its purpose was then declared in the charter which is the only document which defines and limits its purposes now. The object of the conference is there stated to be "the transaction of business, pertaining to the general interest of the societies connected with the conference." Of course it maintains the right to give its own construction to the language I have just quoted. Its famous words of welcome, with larger and larger meaning will stand unchallenged at last.

The work of the Western Unitarian Conference has been criticised in no unfriendly spirit, I trust, on the ground that it lays too great emphasis upon moral teaching. With Unitarians, at least, it can only be a question of emphasis; for moral teaching is precisely that part of the higher education which religion of every name has always imparted. If we take from the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount their ethical precepts we do not leave enough for a skeleton in either of them. Too much emphasis can hardly be placed on that religious instruction which tends to form a character for honest dealing, fidelity in work, faith in contracts, purity in private and public life, and to the removal of sham in religion, in politics, in commerce and in all the social relations between man and man.

Histories of Words.

There are many words which we use every day without a thought of their original meaning. Here are a few of them:

Gazette—is from the name of an old Venetian coin, worth about a cent and a half—the sum charged for a reading of the first Venetian newspaper, a written sheet which appeared about A. D. 1550.

Excruciating—pain, like that of a person "crucified." How carelessly we use this word of terrible meaning!

Milliner—a native of Milan, Italy, once famous for its manufactures of silks and ribbons.

Lord—means "bread-earner;" lady—"loaf-giver."

Terrier—is a dog which pursues animals to their burrow in the earth (Latin *terra*).

Stalwart—that is, "worth stealing,"—a war term, meaning Saxon, a fine soldier worth making captive.

Salary—at first meant money given to soldiers to buy salt with. In the same way emolument was an allowance of meal.

Muscle—a "little mouse," referring to its appearance under the skin.

Explode—to applaud out, as you "clap out" a boy or a girl in the familiar game of that name. You will find the word used in that way if you care to look, somewhere in the eleventh book of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Good-bye—"God be with you."—*Selected.*

To become able to *make* something is, I think, necessary to thorough development. I would rather have a son of mine a carpenter, a watchmaker, a woodcarver, a shoemaker, a jeweller, a blacksmith, a bookbinder, than I would have him earn his bread as a clerk in a counting-house. What advantage the Carpenter of Nazareth gathered from his bench, is the inheritance of every workman in proportion as he does divine, that is honest, work.—*George MacDonald.*

WHAT a discovery I made one day, that the more I spent, the more I grew; that it was as easy to occupy a large place and do much work as a small place and do little; and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes I was full of new thoughts.—*Emerson's Journal.*

IT is not enough to have great qualities; we should also have the management of them.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Church Door Pulpit.

The Six Years' Course.

II. The Religion of Babylonia.

By Rev. John C. Learned.

In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.—*Acts 10:35.*

As you go to take the elevator of the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, you notice on your left a large stone slab on which is carved the heroic figure of a man with various emblems of power and royalty. Across all, run inscriptions in the cuneiform or wedge-shaped characters,—a language no longer spoken, and only read by scholars.

That slab is interesting, first, on account of its age. True, it is not so old as the descriptive card which hangs by it would make it out. It is very modern if we compare it with monuments of Egypt—with the sphinx and the pyramids; but it is older than the founding of Rome, older than the Parthenon. Herodotus knew nothing of the great city from which it was taken, for in his day it had fallen into oblivion. The record may be contemporary with the Iliad and the Odyssey, and the first Hebrew prophets. That slab is interesting from the place whence it was brought. It came from one of the suburbs of ancient Nineveh—Nineveh far up on the river Tigris, east of the southern range of the Taurus mountains, in the fertile valley of Assyria, about midway between the Caspian Sea and the Mediterranean.

Nineveh was the rival of Babylon—two cities of extraordinary wealth and power, which waged war for the delight and spoils of conquest, and which alternately ruled the great valley of the Tigris and Euphrates.

This slab of alabaster was cut from the palace of Assur-nazir-pal, where very likely it was erected by its occupant whose image is carved upon it and whose deeds are commemorated in the inscriptions.

Assur-nazir-pal was King of Assyria—one of the most brutal and ferocious of a brutal line. He conquered Babylon in the eighth or ninth century before our era. On this stone, besides the titles that he wore, is an account of the extent of his conquests, and the names of the gods who had assisted him. He had pushed his power on the south to the Persian Gulf, on the west to Phoenicia. In fact the greater part of the territory between the four seas, the Black, the Caspian, the Mediterranean, and the Persian Gulf, became his, while in inscriptions elsewhere written, his horrible barbarities are set forth with all the pride of a cruel and despotic will. Later kings we know, like Sargon the Great, extended Assyrian rule even to Egypt and into the domains of Greece. No wonder that the little kingdom of Israel trembled when it heard that the hosts of Sennacherib threatened (719 B. C.); and that later Judah wept for Zion when the flower of her people were transported as captives to the waters of Babylon. (586 to 536 B. C.)

When this slab was carved for the royal residence of the Assyrian King there was yet no Bible, as we think of it, nor any books to make a Bible of; only some floating fragments of tradition or legend, a song here or there, a few covenants, and the Ten Commandments in their simplest form, ascribed to Moses. Then came the prophets; and the Hebrew literature grew and was enriched by their utterances. But the Pentateuch or first five books of the Bible as we have it, was completed in Babylon during the years of Jewish exile, and first appeared in Ezra's time (444 B. C.), more than four hundred years after the empire and events set forth on Mr. Marsh's stone tablet from Nineveh.

I spoke of this tablet as being modern when compared with the monuments of Egypt. It is modern and recent when we compare it with relics and inscriptions from Assyria and Babylonia now in the possession of our museums. Already a distinct branch of study has grown up, called "Assyriology," with professorships in the great universities; so fruitful and interesting have become the researches into the language and history and religion of the rich realms and vast populations of men, living and worshiping, loving and fighting, dwindling and dying on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates so long ago. Nor ought we to fail to mention here the names of Sir Henry Rawlinson, who has been called "the Father of Assyriology," of Austen Henry Layard, of George Smith and of Francois Lenormant, whose lives and labors in this field are to be gratefully remembered.

Not many years since there arrived at the British Museum in London, "a small, perforated, oval-shaped object, made of mottled, pinkish-gray, hard stone." It was found by Mr. Hassam, under the temple of a sun-god near Babylon. It is now regarded as having upon it a very ancient specimen of Babylonian writing, at the time when the hieroglyphic or picture writing was passing into the true alphabetical character. I can not give here the reasons for establishing its data, as they are worked out by scholars; but that little stone which you can hold so easily in your hand, and which is "most beautifully drilled and polished," bears an inscription concerning the first King Sargon, made 3800 B. C., or nearly 5700 years ago.

The larger source, however, of our knowledge of Babylon and Chaldæa, is not from stone remains, whether rock tablets or cylinders, but from bricks, from cylinders or tablets of terra cotta and of clay. Prof. Sayce says that speaking broadly, "the architecture of Nineveh is characterized by the use of stone in contradistinction to the brick work of Babylonia. Sculpture was naturally developed by the one, just as painting was by the other; and the ornamentation which could be lavished on the exterior in Assyria had to be confined to the interior in Chaldæa."

Lately I saw in the collections of Harvard University many specimens of these records in clay, which recent explorations have greatly multiplied. Five thousand came to the British Museum in a single invoice. These small barrel or cone-shaped cylinders or bits of clay, covered with inscriptions, served the purpose that writing paper does among us. They were stamped when soft with the wedge-shaped stylus of the writer, then suffered to harden, and in some cases were ornamented, burned and glazed. They were used as letters of correspondence bearing messages between those separated by distance. On them are written inventories of goods, terms of contract and sale, rates of interest agreed upon for borrowed money, deeds of houses, fields and slaves, or the story of important events. The parties or witnesses to these events or transactions, especially the poor classes, signed these documents with the impress of their finger nails, others with their seals, so that the signatures are as permanent as the cuneiform letters. The name of the ruling king is on them. We thus have evidence that the inscriptions are contemporaneous with the acts they record. Some of them are of the period of 2400 or 2000 B. C. Some 1000 B. C., while others come down to the date of the Persian Cyrus and Nebuchadnezzar, or even later.

It is curious to find among them examples of what seem to have been school copy-books; poor attempts to repeat sentences and signs on the same tablet. "It requires no great stretch of imagination," says Mr. Wallis Bndge, "to picture the little Babylonian boy, with his oblique eyes and thick form, bending over his piece of moist clay, laboriously and clumsily impressing his wedges thereon."

It was the custom when a king built a palace, to bury beneath each of the four corners of the edifice, some historical account of his achievements and possessions. The discovery of these has added greatly to our knowledge of these eastern empires. And it is now known that every great city in Chaldæa had its library of clay books, all numbered and catalogued, any one of which the student could have to read by requesting it of the librarian.

The most interesting class of literature found upon the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, is that which is connected with the religious beliefs of the people; which contains hymns to the gods, stories of the creation and the deluge, and the dealings of Deity with man. As some of these so strongly resemble the narratives and psalms of our Bible, though reaching back to a past far earlier than any knowledge we have of the Hebrew nation, I will call your attention to them:

A gifted English scholar, too early dead, George Smith, found upon clay tablets taken from the royal library of Nineveh—tablets which may now be seen in the British Museum—many traditions concerning the creation and government of the world and its inhabitants. This was scarcely twenty years ago. Since then, others have added to these accounts; until we seem to see in Babylonia the sources in large degree of some of those Genesis stories which, after the return of the Jews from captivity, formed so significant and interesting a portion of the Pentateuch. Not that the stories are the same in any case. The later versions are freely modified to make them correspond to later modes of thought. This custom has been common in our ancient writings. The Chaldæan and Assyrian legends are all polytheistic; various gods are employed and their praises sung; while the Jewish faith is monotheistic. There is one God over all, who is able to do all things. This is the great Hebrew doctrine and characteristic.

One form of the ancient creation legend given by the Chaldee historian, Berosus (300 B. C.), relates that in the beginning all was darkness and water, out of which were generated strange and monstrous animals. But a woman ruled over them, whose name was Omorka, or the sea. Then the god Bel (one of the three great gods), divided the woman in twain, and of one half made the heaven, and of the other half made the earth. And he divided the darkness into day and night, and put the world in order, and those creatures which could not bear the light perished. Then man was made out of the blood of the god, mingled with the dust of the earth, and thus became a partaker of the divine wisdom. Likewise Bel made the stars, the sun, the moon and the five planets.

Another account, partly deciphered, speaks of the births of the gods and of the abyss of Hades; of the dwellings of the gods among the stars, whose constellations were in the figure of animals; of the sunset in the horizon, and of the moon which was to rule the twelve months, each to be honored by a festal assembly; while the seventh day was to be kept holy, on which all men were to rest from their customary work. (Professor Sayce tells us that "Babylonia was really the cradle of astronomical observations;" in Accadia the signs of the Zodiac were wrought out in animal constellations,—this totemism, or fossil faith implying a worship of the stars).

There is a myth also of a sacred tree in the land, guarded by cherubs and a flaming sword, or thunderbolt of fifty points and seven heads; a world cedar, or "tree of life," upon the heart of which the true divine name is written, which suggests the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, in the Garden of Eden.

But the most remarkable story is that of the Flood, showing its origin with a delta-dwelling people. It seems to form one of the twelve cantos, (corresponding to the twelve signs of the Zodiac) of a great heroic poem, known to scholars as the "Epic (or Epopee) of Izdhubar." It is a tale of love and war, of gods and men, of life and death. The hero, Izdhubar (or Gisdhubar), is a sort of Hercules performing labors. He is in search of health and the land of eternal felicity. Beyond the "waters of death" he meets the immortal Hasistra, who tells him the tale of the Deluge. The date of this narrative, whose origin was in Chaldæa, is at least 2000 B. C., many centuries before Moses lived, (1320 B. C.), as old as any legends of the Patriarchs. The following is in substance the story as translated by George Smith, corrected by the later studies of Oppert and Lenormant:

In the ancient city of Shurippak, on the river Euphrates, near the sea, the gods were not honored. But I, Hasistra, was favored by them. A deluge proposed by Bel was approved by all; and the command of the god Ea (like the god O'Keanos or Poseidon of the Greeks) came to me in a dream: Man of Shurippak, thou shalt quickly make a vessel; for I shall destroy all seed and life that is not found in this vessel. Six hundred cubits shall be the measure of its length, and sixty cubits the extent of its breadth and heighth. Launch it upon the ocean and cover it with a roof. Then at my command enter in and close the door. Within I will gather together all thy provisions and thy wealth, thy servant, thy children, the cattle of the fields, and the wild beasts of the land.

On the fifth day the two sides were raised and the roof put on. Thrice I poured pitch over it, within and without. I gathered together all that I had. I provided all that was needed. I caused of every kind to come into the vessel, male and female.

Then said Shamash (the Sun): In the evening it shall rain—and there rose up from the foundations of the sky a black cloud. Rammam thundered, and the gods let loose their vengeance. The archangels of the abyss shook the earth. The waters rose up to heaven, and the darkened earth became a desert. Death was everywhere. Brother saw brother no more; men knew each other no longer. Even the gods in heaven became afraid of the swelling waters.

Then Ishtar, the mother of men, said to the cowering archangels: Weep over this desolation with me.

Six days and nights pass away; on the seventh the rain decreased, the sea lowered and the wind was still. I opened the window to look out, and the light struck my face; but the corpses of men floated like sea-weed. I was overpowered with sadness. I sat down and wept. The vessel was sailing over the mountain of Nizir. The third and fourth day the mountain of Nizir stopped the vessel. On the morning of the seventh day I let loose a dove. It went, turned, and finding no place of rest it came back. Then I let loose a swallow, and that came back. Then I caused a raven to go forth; and that finding dead bodies upon the waters, rested and ate and came back no more. Afterwards all those in the ark went forth, and I offered a sacrifice, raising a smoking

altar on the peak of the mountain, rich with the odor of fragrant woods. The gods gathered near; and the great zone, the glory of the Queen of Heaven, (the rainbow) was raised over all. From afar came Bel, at first, jealous of the other deities, angry that any man had survived. But Ea interceded, saying: Henceforth leave the sinner to carry the burden of his own sin, the blasphemer the burden of his own blasphemy. Let the number of men be reduced, not by a deluge of waters, but by wild beasts, by famine and by disease.

Then Bel entered the vessel. He took my hand and caused me to rise. He placed my wife by my side; and he said: Until now, Hasistra has been mortal, one of a perishing human race. Now he and his wife are about to be raised up to live like the gods. Hasistra shall dwell far away, at the mouth of the rivers.

This last incident, unlike the course of Noah's long life, seems to liken Hasistra to Enoch who "was not," as the text says, "for God took him." He walked with God, not tasting death.

With a few sentences from hymns which suggest the spirit of the Hebrew Psalms or the Rig Veda, I must leave the rich stores of this dead and buried civilization, out of which, in part at least our Bible was compiled by the busy scribes of the Jewish exile.

It has been said that the art and literature of Assyria are secular when compared with that of Chaldæa, which is *sacred*. The northern and younger nation was more active and aggressive than meditative and pious; was made up of warriors and traders rather than students. But to whichever these passages belong, they express a common sentiment and need of the human soul, the sense of weakness, the upward look and trust in God.

"O my Lord, my sins are many, my trespasses are great; the wrath of the gods has plagued me with disease and sickness and sorrow. I fainted, but no one stretched forth his hand; I groaned and none drew nigh. I cried aloud, but no one heard. O Lord, do not thou abandon thy servant. In the waters of the great storm, do thou lay hold of my hand. The sins which he has committed do thou turn to righteousness."

"Guide thou the breath of my mouth; guide thou my actions."

"In heaven who is high? Thou, thou alone art high."

"In the earth who is high? Thou, thou alone art high."

"Before thee, the gods bow their faces to the ground."

"O Lord, who trusts in thee, do thou bless his soul."

"O God, the men who dwell afar off contemplate thee and rejoice."

"Thou settest up those who are bowed down, and sustainest those ready to perish."

OUR character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geike.*

THE aim of education is rather to show how to think, than to load the memory with the thoughts of others. —*Beattie.*

"NATURE rarely wastes, but sometimes she does," said Mehitable, at the circus. "Look at the elephant, for instance. Two tails practically, and yet with a hide absolutely impervious to flies."—*New York Sun.*

A REPUBLIC is the government of the spirit; a republic depends on the self-control of each member; you can not make a republic out of muscles and prairies and Rocky Mountains; republics are made of the spirit.—*Sidney Lanier.*

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

John Auburntop, Novelist. By Anson Uriel Hancock, Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, $1.25, paper, 50 cents.

The scene of the story is laid in Nebraska, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

John Auburntop is a student in the State University at Lincoln, and the story is an attempted picture of the student life of those days, under the influences of co-education and the conditions of pioneer society. As such it has interest apart from whatever merits or demerits the volume may have in other respects. The author writes evidently from an inside view. Some of his pages reflect the interests and manners of life within the college walls with vividness and considerable dramatic force. As a whole, however, the volume is rather meager in incident, and shows more promise than present attainment in the novelist's art. John Auburntop is a poor young man, but of good parts, and with a literary ambition; falls in love,—or thinks he does—with a young woman who is a student in the college, whom in the end he does not marry, and at the close of the volume we find him established as an author in Boston. On the whole, we think the young woman did much better to marry the other young man who, whatever else he was ignorant of, did know that he loved her with all his heart. Mr. Hancock's style, from a literary point of view, seems to us open to some criticism. His frequent French and Latin phrases appear to us in bad taste, especially as for the most part they have no point or force that native English would not as well and better afford. This ready resort to a popularly unknown tongue savors of affectation,—certainly is a departure from that simplicity and clearness which mark and make the best use of language. We note also the use of colloquial and awkward words, not simply in the dialogue of the story,—for here they may mark individual habits and characteristics and give color to a portrait,—but in the author's descriptive text. "Residenters," for example, seems to us a poor substitute for *residents*, and "finis" for *end;* while to speak of an "audience comfortably *deposited*" appears to us a sin against good English. Offenses of this kind are not infrequent in the volume. In the hastily written columns of the daily press they are bad enough; in the more leisurely written book they deserve sharper censure. Let us keep our "well of English" as undefiled as possible, against the opposite tendency, amid the multiplied writing and printing of our time. The publisher's part in the volume is excellently done. The type is clear, the paper good, and the illustrated cover very pretty in design.

F. L. H.

A Group of Noble Dames. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1891.

Professedly, all the stories in this book were told at a meeting of a Wessex Field and Antiquarian Club, the rain coming down in an obstinate spatter so as to prevent any out-of-door research. They are put into the mouths of different members, the surgeon, the rural dean, the book-worm, the crimson malster, and so on, and, though without exception they have a fine—some would say "coarse"—last century flavor, they are all written unmistakably in Thomas Hardy's charming style, and they all reveal that art in telling a story of which Mr. Hardy is an easy master and in which he has no superior.

The stories are all, apparently, based upon the legends of a particular locality and an indefinite multiplication of the like would probably reward the industry of any one who chose to go far and wide in search of them. In their crude form, however, it is probable that they would give little of the pleasure that Mr. Hardy's tales afford, so much of this comes from the reflection of his humor, wit, and genial satire on the events which he narrates. All of the stories deal with the complications of domestic life, with runaway matches, double marriages, and like misadventures. The motto on the title-page is, "Store of Ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence," but it might as well have been "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.*" The value of impulsive action counts for much less than in Browning's poetry, and there is a very positive suggestion that if the gentleman and lady of "The Statue and the Bust" had been less dilatory they might not have been more happy, so much marrying and unmarrying in haste and repenting at leisure is here paramount.

THE firm of women publishers in this city, the Misses Searle & Gorton, is about to issue some very interesting books. Among others a series of small volumes entitled "The Young Patriot Lives." Edward Everett Hale, W. J. Abbot and Ruth Hay have been selected as the writers of certain volumes in this series. Another is in the line of this firm's first venture, "Gyppy" by Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett, "Our Dumb Friends to which Olive Thorne Miller, Francis Power Cobbe and others will contribute. "Mother Goose's Christmas Party" a rhymed drama by Abby Morton Diaz is also announced.

The Exchange Table.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR in *Harper's:* But then the music! There are many who can not away with their drums and trumpets and tambourines; and they triumphantly ask, Is this Christianity? The question is silly. No one supposes it to be Christianity, or to have anything more to do with essential Christianity than the crosses and banners and processions, and acolytes in surplices and scarlet cassocks, and thuribles, and broidered stoles of our ritualistic churches. The drums and trumpets are not even remotely associated, as are these gorgeous adjuncts of modern Anglicanism, with the insinuation of any doctrine. They have no purpose in the world but the very innocent one of attracting the people to gatherings, where they may hear something which benefits their souls. "We do not believe in all this noise and blare and jiggling," says the comatose sensibility of comfortable pietism. No one does, except as David and the Psalmists believed in it, when they exhort us "to make a cheerful noise to the God of our salvation;" to "take the psalm, bring hither the tabret, the merry harp, with the lute;" or as the children of Israel believed in it, when their tribes marched to the yearly festivals in rivers of melody. Some members of the Church of England chant every day of their lives, "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation." Music is the natural expression of joy. The songs and music of the Salvation Army may not be so refined as the hymns of Newman and Lyte, or as the music of Mozart and Beethoven, but they are even better adapted to the needs of the poor people to whom they appeal. The experience of Wesley, and his desire that "the devil should not have all the best tunes," ought to have taught a lesson in this direction to the Church of England. There may not be much poetry in

> "Free from the bondage,
> Free from the fear,
> Crowned with salvation
> Heaven even here.
> Shouting Hallelujah as we march along,
> O come and join our happy throng."

but those who have heard the joy of the Salvationists as they sing it, may well decline to act the spirit of the Pharisees, who, when the children shouted Hosannas before the path of Jesus, indignantly asked, "Master, hearest thou what these say?" and received the rebuke, "Yea, did ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?"

"These people will sing their way round the world in spite of us," said a Brooklyn divine; and he was right, as the result has proved. Can we not echo the tolerant and loving words—

> "Do these men praise Him? I will raise
> My voice up to their point of praise!
> I see the error; but above
> The scope of error, see the love—
> O love of those first Christian days!"

THE origin of a literature is always a very curious study. Australian literature has had the unusual fortune of stammering its first lines in the abounding nineteenth century, and thus reminding us, by their similarity, of the beginnings of Indo-European literature during the historic and barbarous periods. It is very curious to see Australian literature making its first appearance with the same stories of legendary brigands which one sees in the beginnings of previous ones. When we reflect that the surface of Australia is almost equal to that of all Europe, we see the importance of all that concerns it. To judge from the writings of Marcus Clark, of Mrs. Campbell Praed, of Tasma, the Australians affect the short narratives and simple stories devoid of incident, which characterize their novels. Mariot Watson, Hume Nisbet, Mr. and Mrs. Mannington Caffyn have published delightful stories of that kind, under the title "Under the Gum Tree." An equally peculiar character of that literature is that the drama lies rather in the mind of the artist than in the action; as in the ancient world, the catastrophe often takes place before the end of the drama. The romancers, everywhere in that new country, possess, even more than the poets, a freshness of the imagination which is found nowhere else in the same degree. Among them the grand art of simplicity is no secret. To this they add strength, as a result of the education which the free and easy life of the woods and fields gives them. If one wished, it would be easy to divide Australian writers into two groups, which could be readily recognized at sight. On the one side, those who live in the towns; on the other, those to whom the pastoral life offers its inducements. With the first would be connected Henry Clarence Kendall, the exquisite but melancholy poet, who is sick unto death with weariness and mournfulness; with the second, Lindsay Gordon, the equestrian bard, the singing centaur of Australia. At the rate which the world, and Australia in particular, is to-day traveling, a century is a period of infinite length; and one is glad to think that new nations should, in their early days, possess a literature, a faithful mirror of themselves, which will not allow a thankless posterity to forget or despise its ancestors.—*Queries Magazine.*

IT is significant to note that none of the professional politicians, nor any of their newspaper oracles and echoes, think that President Andrew D. White is "the most available candidate," or "the best man," for the Republicans of New York to nominate for Governor. They say that Mr. White is an able man, a clean man, would make a good magistrate, and is a "representative Republican." But they are quite unanimous in doubting the policy of putting him in nomination. The plain English of this is that President White has no henchmen, has not "seen" the bosses in different parts of the State, has not fixed things, and is not the kind of man who will. He is a "literary fellar"; not one of the worst of that abhorred class, but one of them, nevertheless.—*Christian Leader.*

NO century ever pulsated with nobler purpose or more vigorous endeavor than this nineteenth. The apparent drifting of our moral and intellectual life for thirty years past has been not only in appearance. We are in the last decade of the century; events do not crowd so much as ideas. These will hasten on to fulfillment. They cover every field of human energy. Education is at the bottom of all hope and progress; and out of education has just been born the enthusiasm called "University Extension," a term that fails wholly to convey to the popular mind the novelty and the greatness of the purpose conceived. Not less grand and natural as a result of the past is the conception of a "World-wide Democratic Church." This is only the application of republicanism to theology and religious effort. It means the displacement of a world-wide monarchical church by a church based on popular sentiment and individual liberty. It is possible. The pope himself begins to desert the monarchy. His recent encyclical is a plain effort to readjust the old church to modern progress.—*E. P. Powell, in New England Magazine.*

CROUPY SOUNDS

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—The returned pastors and other delegates from the Saratoga Conference are imparting their enthusiasm to the Eastern societies. The winter's work of our denomination will everywhere be more earnest, for the week of communion and social life.

—About two thousand Unitarians assembled in Saratoga. Many times the audience hall was overflowing with intent listeners, and the general interest reached its climax only with the closing hymn, "Nearer my God to thee," sung as solo and chorus.

—Ministers of several denominations have begun their Monday discussion. The "Monday Club" will meet in the first week of October and will review the work and words of the late conference.

—The popular juvenile weekly, "*Youth's Companion*" will soon be issued from the "Companion Building," a new, capacious and costly edifice at the South End.

—The Boston Society for Ethical Culture held a preliminary meeting last Sunday, at the house of their associate speakers, Rev. Wm. G. Babcock and Mrs. Clara M. Bisbee. The following program was accepted for the year: Every Sunday 2 p. m, Character teaching by flowers and by Froebel's method of independent thought; also study of the ethnic religions. Every Sunday 3 p. m, Digest of the week's religious and ethical records by Rev. Mr. Babcock. 1st Sunday, each month, Essay by Mrs. Bisbee; 2d Sunday, Reading (original or selected) by other members; 3rd Sunday, Lessons in Ethical Text Book; 4th Sunday, Ministry by the children, through music and recitation; 5th Sunday, Address by the representative of a special outside reform.

—Mrs. Clara M. Bisbee, announces the following series of lectures for delivery outside of Boston: 1. Worldly Wisdom. 2. Friendships of Men and Women. 3. Monogamy vs. Polygamy. 4. Conjugal Growth, or the Process of Assimilation. 5. Conjugal Growth:—Labor and Recreation. 6. Heredity, a Factor in the Evolution of Man. 7. The Child's Birthright. 8. Child Training. 9. Our Country. 10. The Functions of an Ethical Society. Season Ticket, $1.00, single admission, 15 cts. Introductory lecture, free.

—The *Christian Register* of October 1st and 8th will together contain a full report of the doings of the Saratoga Conference. $2,000 were contributed in fifteen minutes to cover the expenses which were estimated at $1,300. Balance will be sent to Meadville. Rev. Brooke Herford has asked the Arlington Street society to allow him to go to London as soon as they can arrange acceptance of his regretful resignation. The opening sermon for the fall in King's Chapel will be given by Dr. A. P. Peabody. Prisoners' Sunday in Massachusetts will be Oct. 25th. How better to aid released prisoners will be generally considered in the churches. Rev. George W. Cooke, Secretary of the United Unity Clubs and Guilds, is collecting for reference all information about those organizations.

—The following are the "Corner Stones of our Faith" of the Second Church:

I. We believe that there is one Supreme Being, Our Heavenly Father, to whom love, worship, and obedience are due.

II. We believe that Jesus, the Christ, shows to us the way, the truth, and the life, by which the world shall build the kingdom of heaven.

III. We believe that man is of divine origin, as yet imperfect, but immortal in nature and capable of endless development.

IV. We believe that the Bible contains the truths of religion, and when rightly known and practised, they establish character, deepen devotion, and impart comfort.

V. We believe that God, in whom we live and move and have our being, animates all existence, guiding and inspiring the universe.

VI. We believe that our aim, like that of Jesus, should be to establish the brotherhood of man and to unite humanity in the ties of peace and good-will.

VII. We believe that heaven is a condition of character, and that, to realize it, we must repent of sin, live unselfishly, and seek perfection.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—The first regular meeting of the Chicago branch of the W. W. U. C. was held at the Third Unitarian Church, Thursday, Oct. 1. After the luncheon the meeting was called to order by its president, Mrs. West. The first business in order was the election of officers for the coming year, which resulted as follows: President, Mrs. M. A. Dow; vice-presidents, Mrs. J. V. Blake and Mrs. Geo. F. Shears; secretary, Mrs. Horace H. Badger; treasurer, Marion H. Perkins. The programme committee reported the result of its work, and the usual collection for defraying the expense of printing was taken up. The papers, three in number, treating upon "The Early Free Thinkers," were listened to with great interest and discussed at some length, the result of which was a request to have them printed for circulation. A committee was appointed to decide upon the advisability of printing the papers, and to provide ways and means for so doing.

MRS. HORACE H. BADGER, *Secretary.*

Minneapolis, Minn.—We clip the following from the *Saturday Evening Spectator:* "The First Unitarian Church, as is the custom on special occasions, was artistically decorated. Rev. H. M. Simmons, delivered one of his most interesting discourses, taking for his subject "The New Eden." The speaker said the old Eden had never been lost, and that the region where it was located had supported a vast population in the past and with proper tillage might now. Outside of that Eden by the Euphrates has been formed he said, one that covers almost the entire globe, many spots being even more fertile than that Eden of the old story. The speaker dwelt at some length on the growth and extent of the new Eden and all the possibilities that lie before it. Taking all in all, the sermons of Sunday fittingly heralded the coming of the great harvest festival.

Olympia, Washington.—The new church building, which, by the way, inherited some of its external architectural features from the All Souls Alma Mater of Chicago, is rapidly assuming shape in the hands of the carpenters. Services were resumed in Tacoma hall the first Sunday in September. This is the hall where Rev. John C. Kimball preached the first Unitarian sermon on Puget Sound, twenty years ago. The building was in existence it is said, before the city of Tacoma was thought of.

—The Unity Club meets every Monday evening. The lines of study alternate between literature and social science. The literary evenings are devoted to a study of Romola. The newly elected officers are A. W. Wisner, pres.; Mrs. J. C. Horr, vice-pres., and A. L. Campbell, sec.

Chicago.—The Church of All Souls has just issued Announcements thirteen and fourteen, the first giving the subjects for the month's sermons, headed with the motto, "Grip your church privileges on Sunday as firmly as you do your business opportunities on Monday." The topics of the sermons are, "The Secret of the Sphinx," connected with the opening of the novel section of Unity Club, and its study of Eber's "Uarda;" second, "General Grant" in connection with the unveiling of the Grant monument in Lincoln Park, October 7; third, "The Unpardonable Sin;" fourth, "Consecration." Announcement fourteen contains the program of the study in "Uarda," before spoken of, containing seven monthly lessons.

Certificate of Fellowship.—The Rev. M. F. Dryden of Alleghany, Pa., formerly a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, having asked to be admitted to the Unitarian fellowship; and having furnished satisfactory proof that he is well-fitted to do good service in our ministry and is eminently worthy of our recognition, is hereby cordially commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers.

D. W. MOREHOUSE,
S. H. CAMP,
GEO. L. CARY, } *Committee.*

September 14, 1891.

Warren-Nora, Ill.—F. J. Gauld, of the Meadville Theological School, passed through Chicago last week *en route* to Meadville. Mr. Gauld has spent the vacation preaching at Warren and Nora. He reports an interesting summer's campaign, and a good field for missionary work in northwestern Illinois.

Whatcom, Washington.—Saml. J. McCleary, of the Harvard Divinity School, called at Headquarters on his return east from Whatcom. He left the Unitarian friends at Whatcom organized for work and struggling earnestly to build up their church.

Lincoln, Neb.—T. E. Chappell and H. L. Stoughton, students from Lincoln, intending to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass., called at Headquarters last week. They report the new parish at Lincoln, in the care of Rev. Lloyd Skinner, in a prosperous condition.

Luverne, Minn.—Unity Church enters upon the year's work with enthusiasm. Mrs. Wilkes has resumed the pastorate. A Harvest service, Sunday, Sept. 27th, called together friends from many miles distance. Fruit and grain decorations made the church beautiful. Mrs. Wilkes spent last Sunday in Chicago.

Adrian, Minn.—Mrs. Wilkes is holding service here once a month. Large congregations seem interested in the message she has to give. The town is small but surrounded by a thriving, farming community. No other Protestant church seems able to hold an audience.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—The church is gaining strength and courage under Mr. Grant's ministry. Congregations steadily increasing. An evening course of addresses drew large audiences.

Geneseo, Ill.—Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine has been unanimously called to minister to the Unitarian church of this place, and has accepted. He enters upon his work at once.

La Porte, Ind.—We learn from the La Porte *Argus*, that Rev. A. N. Somers has accepted a call from the Unitarian society of this city.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.—A little band of zealous workers hold together here without a minister. They have a church lot nearly paid for.

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Our readers have doubtless noticed from time to time in the past year or two, the large advertisements of Messrs. J. D. Larkin & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., telling all about their Great Bargain Box. This firm is one of the largest manufacturers of household and Toilet Soaps in the country. Their Sweet Home Soap has won an enviable reputation. All of their goods are the best that skill and money combined can produce. They have received thousands of testimonials from their numerous patrons, in praise not only of the purity of Sweet Home Soap, but also of the many handsome and useful presents which they give with every box.

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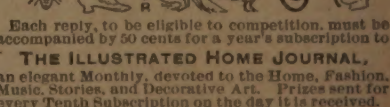

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Thurs.—Deeds of week-day holiness fall from her, noiseless as the snow.
Fri—Content that from employment springs, A heart that in his labor sings.
Sat.—Our lives must climb from hope to hope and realize our longing.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

Four-leaved Clover.

Fortune will not come with seeking;
I have sought it and I know;
I have looked for four-leaved clover
All the hill-side on and over;
By the brook and in the meadow,
In the sunshine, in the shadow,
But my clover does not grow.

Fortune will not come with seeking;
Here beside my open door
I will rest, my search is over,
I can find no four-leaved clover.
On, through the deceitful meadow,
In the sunshine, in the shadow
I shall never seek it more!

"Fortune will not come with seeking;"
So I muse with downcast eyes,
Eyes that gaze the hill-tops over,
Fall, and rise on four-leaved clover,
Close beside my doorstep growing.
Close at home my fortune showing,
In my home I with my prize!
—*Anonymous.*

Greta's Artist.

Two hundred and more years ago there was, not far from Leyden, but nearer still to Leydendorp, a little hamlet of eight or ten cottages, each one more beautifully, shiningly clean and well-kept than the others.

In one of them, on a certain bright morning, sat Madam Teresa Herman, preparing with her own dainty hands the dinner for her husband and herself and the only child of the house, Greta, a little maid of seven years.

"Is it not time for me to take the bread and wine to Mother Vander Hyden?" asked Greta presently, for her small, chubby fingers were tired holding the knife with which she was helping her mother prepare the fruit and vegetables.

The mother smiled; well she knew the little maid preferred tripping through the hamlet, meeting perhaps a neighbor's child for company, to helping with the household duties, however light. But she unfastened Greta's brown linen apron, tied on her small, red cap, and put the basket containing dainties for the sick woman on her arm.

"Now, my Gretchen," she said, taking her hand; "go not into any house but that of old Mother Vander Hyden. Thou knowest I would not have thee to run from neighbor to neighbor like a beggar maid."

This seemed a very reasonable charge; yet Greta looked troubled and disappointed, and stood irresolute after the mother had given her a parting kiss.

"May I cross old Gerretz's doorstep, my mother?" she asked presently. "O, just for a brief visit! I will be back in time to fill my father's mug and carry his platter."

"Why art thou so fond of going to that house, my child? True, poor Madam Gerretz carefully trained those young people during her lifetime; but she is no more, and old Jacques Gerretz is drinking more than ever. I fear it is no longer a fit place for thee to go."

Yet the fond mother yielded to her entreaty, and Greta went off with bounding steps. She came back in time, as she had promised; but there was a restless look about her, as if she constantly expected some one. This look was explained, when about dusk, the lad, Paul Gerretz, accompanied by his sister Louise, came to Madam Herman's door.

The boy brought as a present for Madam Teresa a portrait of little Gretchen, taken on the sly, when he could coax the child into their house. It was her very chubby, little self. She was really a beautiful child, and the young artist had given the delicately cut features a most natural expression.

Madam Herman was charmed. "Paul," she cried, "thou must be a painter!"

"Alas!" answered the boy, gloomily, "what have I to become a painter? I long to go to Leyden and learn under Master Jacques van Swaneburg, but my father will not hear it. Not that I would listen to my father," continued the boy, passionately, clenching his fist; "for I *will* be a painter, let him say what he will. But he threatens me that, if I run away, he will punish my sister every day till I return. My good Louise, who has been a mother to us all,—how could I endure the thought of her receiving my blows?"

"And I tell him," said the loving sister, "that while I would willingly bear the blows, yet it would not be right for him to disobey his parent; and we must wait and hope for a better day."

Madam Herman felt the deepest interest in the young genius and his loving Louise, and set her woman's wits to work to help them. "Paul Gerretz," she said to him one day, "dost thou remember thy sainted mother's face?"

"Ah, lady," he cried, "how could I forget a face so dear?"

"I want you to paint me a portrait of her as you remember her," said Paul's friend. And in a few days' time she supplied him with materials from Leyden, so that his picture might be as good as he could make it.

Paul now spent all his spare moments in the little loft over the mill, which was his studio; and Louise did many a task for him, in order to give him more time to paint. But it was some months before the boy could take it to his friend finished.

Madam Teresa was more than satisfied,—she was wonderstruck. "Take it home, my children," she cried, "and place it where your father will see it as soon as he enters the house, but say nothing about it."

By a happy and most unusual chance, Jacques Gerretz came home sober that evening; and when his eyes fell upon Paul's painting, he was completely overwhelmed. He burst into a flood of tears while gazing on the tender, reproachful eyes, the careworn brow, and sad mouth of the wife he had once devotedly loved. From that moment his consent was gained to Paul's career as an artist; and thus, not by unfilial conduct, not by deserting his loving sister, but by the patient exhibition of his genius, little Paul became the famous painter, called by his comrades and known to all the world as Rembrandt.
—*Elizabeth P. Allan, in Young Days.*

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II.—THE RELIGION OF BABYLONIA.

LESSON IV.

1. What gods were worshiped, and what did they represent and require?

2. Learn something if you can of that heroic poem, known as the "Epopee of Izdhubar."

3. What is the story of the Chaldean Genesis and Deluge?

4. What people from the West were carried away as captives to Babylon; and what did they do and suffer and learn there?

5. Give some examples of the religious devotion, faith, and precepts of the worshipers of Bel.

NOTES.

Assur, very jealous, was worshiped as the great god of Assyria, as *Il* was at Babylon, and *Istor* at Accad. As the more powerful provinces overcame the weaker, they imposed upon them their gods, and often increased the number by adopting those of their new subjects. This often led to a modification and readjustment of their attributes and powers, which will account for some of the confusions in mythology.

Bel (or Bel-Merodach) though a sun-god, contending with Chaos, appears to have had many of the characteristics of Zeus and Jehovah. He presided over the planet Jupiter. *Anu,* like Pluto or Hades, presided over the lower regions. *Ea,* "of fifty names," resembled Poseidon,—a river or ocean god. He was a creating deity whose symbol was a serpent. By him all things were brought forth from the watery abyss, upon which the earth lay as a wife in the arms of her husband.

The Gods of Babylonia had Wives, and there are traces of profound reverence for woman. In Accadia the mother was the head of the family, the female name was mentioned first. As in most ancient religions, justice and obedience were virtues much more insisted upon than sincerity and truthfulness.

"Divine worship was a performance rather than an act of devotion, and upon the correctness of the performance depended entirely its efficacy. The mispronunciation of a single word, the omission to tie a knot at the right moment, would invalidate the whole ceremony and render its repetition necessary."—*Prof. Sayce.*

In general the deities of Babylonia were much more human (anthropomorphic) than the animal-headed gods of Egypt.

"While the Christian religion sprang from the Sermon on the Mount, the current Christian theology has been founded on an old Babylonian fable."—*Samuel J. Barrows.*

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Publisher's Notes.

To my Friends the Readers of Unity:—

I have a special premium offer to make this week which I may not be able to keep open longer than for the present month, so please give it your attention *now*, and make up your mind promptly about accepting it. It relates to the six paper books that I have advertised under the name of *Unity Library*. They have been advertised often enough to be fairly familiar to all of you, but for the sake of new readers, I will recapitulate:

1. "The Auroraphone," by Cyrus Cole. A romance of 249 pages; the first part a breezy out-of-door story of travel in Colorado, the second part describing a wonderful invention for interplanetary communication, with news of the civilization, philosophy and religion of Saturn, with the theory of the limitation of the universe and the transmutation of personality.

2. "The Genius of Galilee," by Anson Uriel Hancock. An historical novel of 507 pages, treating of the life and times of Jesus from the standpoint of modern thought and criticism. It is valuable as affording answers to the question, how we can account for the miracle stories in the New Testament, without either accepting them as statements of fact, or regarding them as wilful misrepresentations.

3. "The Faith That Makes Faithful," by William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. A volume of eight sermons, not theological, but life-helping; now in its sixteenth thousand and selling in all markets, orthodox as well as liberal.

4. "St. Solifer; With Other Worthies and Unworthies," by James Vila Blake. "This pretty book," says the New Orleans *Picayune*, "contains some fourteen chapters, or stories, or essays." Or rather, as this editor concludes, "they are just genial, rambling chats, and very quaint and curious and readable."

5. "John Auburntop, Novelist," by Anson Uriel Hancock. A story of life in the University of Nebraska. As *Light*, of Worcester, Mass., says: "The book has this charm for Eastern people, that it introduces new characters, new scenes and novel conditions."

6. "Liberty and Life," by E. P. Powell. A volume of seventeen discourses embodying the applications of the evolution thought to morals and religion. Unlike "The Faith that makes Faithful," this book emphasizes the distinctions between reactionary and progressive thought in religion. As a Chicago exchange says: Mr. Powell is a man of war, but he does not fight religion, only theology.

Each of these books is published in paper at 50 cents. Now, my new premium offer is this: For one dollar I will send UNITY one year to a new name, and any two of the six books named, or two copies of one, if preferred. I will send the books and UNITY to the same address or to different addresses as may be preferred; or, if desired, one book can go to the one sending in the name and the other to the new subscriber. Any one may send in as many subscriptions as he chooses, and receive the two premium books for *each* subscription. There is hardly a postoffice where UNITY'S list could not be doubled if this offer could be brought to the attention of the right people. Now to make this possible I make a second offer to help on the other: *To any Unity subscriber who promises to help extend the above offer and forward to me as many subscriptions as can easily be obtained*, I will send a full sample set of the *six books*, postpaid on receipt of *one dollar*.

This will enable every one to show the books to possible subscribers, and it ought to result in doubling UNITY'S circulation inside of three months.

I can not afford to send the six books for a dollar except to those who promise to try for new subscriptions, and I can not now promise to keep this offer open after November 1st. Send *at once*, and make sure of the books.

This week's UNITY contains a lecture by Rev. J. C. Learned on the Religion of Babylonia. This will be followed by similar lectures on the other religions at intervals of three or four weeks. Sunday-schools using the Union lessons will find these lectures an invaluable help. They are invited to send orders for extra copies of each number of UNITY containing a lecture. The uniform price will be three cents each or three dollars a hundred. To secure copies of this week's UNITY, orders should be sent by return mail.

All orders for books and letters relating to subscriptions for UNITY, should be addressed to Charles H. Kerr & Co., publishers, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Letters and articles for publication should be addressed to Editor of UNITY at the same street and number.

I have lately printed a second edition of "The Sparrow's Fall," by W. C. Gannett, a beautiful and helpful sermon once published in UNITY, and reprinted in answer to numerous requests. Although handsomely printed, the price has been put at two cents a copy, to insure the widest possible distribution. One hundred copies will be delivered at our office or sent by express for sixty cents, postage if sent by mail 28 cents additional. The present edition of 2,000 ought not to last long.

C. H. K.

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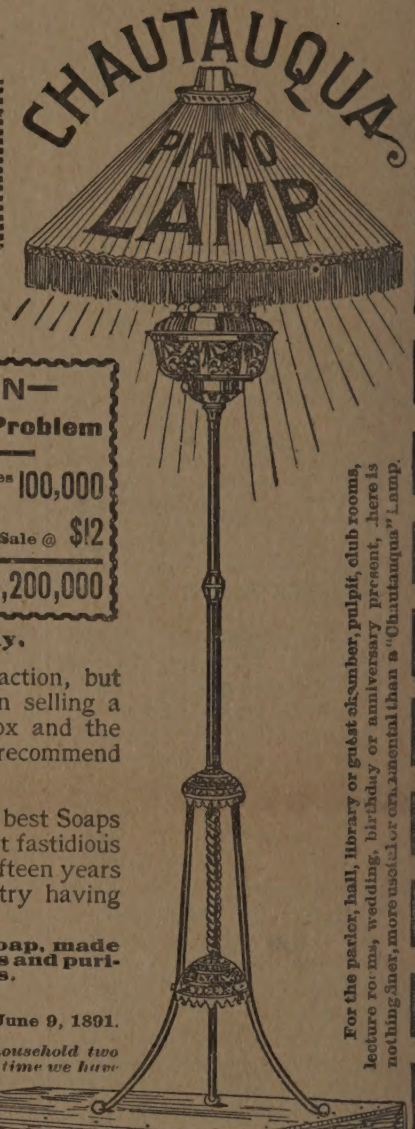

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